

The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. VI—NO. 39.

BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 351.

Miscellaneous.

COOPER & CONARD

OFFER NEARLY

HALF A MILLION

—IN—

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

AT RETAIL.

DRESS GOODS in French, English, and

AMERICAN makes. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

FRENCH Corded in single and double

widths. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

ENGLISH Dress Goods. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

AMERICAN Dress Goods. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

PAVLOVSK. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

CAMBRIE and Goret. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

SHIRTING. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

FRENCH Satins. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

Black, Lawns, etc. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

NEEDLEWORKS. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

BLACK Tulle. 1/2 yd. 75c. to \$1.00

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SWEET SIXTEEN.

BY NOVA PERRY.

"You think the world is only made

For you and such as you," said she

Laughing aloud in joyful scorn.

Of boyish mirth and mischief born.

She never turned from where she stood

Pricking her little silver chain.

Of silver chain like the girl's eyes.

She never turned to see him pass.

Non answered him, save with a laugh

That half confessed his boyish craft.

But let alone, contented things

With her own little things and hair.

A sudden blush in her face

With newer youth and tender grace.

And eyes that were demurely fixed

A moment since, with thought untried.

Upon the something of a rose.

Now sparkled with unconsciousness.

"Why not, why not?" she lightly cried.

Out of the girl's radiant face.

The sweet, wild innocence of youth:

"Why not, for me, for me, for me."

And such as me, the girl's eyes said.

For me its girl's eyes said.

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The voyage was prodigiously enlivened

with accident. The Prince's maid, who

had been sent on in advance as courier,

had certainly been drunk or mad, for at

every station all went wrong—no horses

were in waiting, postillions couldn't be

found, and not a morsel of food was obtain-

able. It was not until two in the morning

that an affirmative reply was received to the

eternal question "Anything to eat?"

And Kamoutine, who until then had been sleep-

ing soundly with the kibika, came out

rubbing his eyes, and joyfully invited his

guards to sup with him.

The repeat was sumptuous. The host

served up great mugs of Kvass that sparkled

like champagne—in point of fact it was

champagne, slightly modified to suit the oc-

casion. Kamoutine pressed upon the gen-

erals the contents of his brassy-blast,

charged with pure alcohol, and in twenty

minutes, what with the sudden transition

from the icy air without to the stifling at-

mosphere within, the weakening of their

stomachs by their long fast, and the ingeni-

ously compounded liquors to which they had

been so long treated, the four generals were

snoring off—or, to speak more accurately,

under the table.

Making the sign of the cross over the four

sleepers that their slumber might be free

from bad dreams, the Prince took his pistol

and valise and stepping to the door, entered

a peasant's sledge that was in waiting.

horses, though he looked a mere rickety

boneset, set out at once at a rapid trot; re-

lays were waiting at every post-house and

at 8 o'clock in the morning Kamoutine re-

ceived the city which the evening before

he had quitted.

Before the door of the restaurant where

he had, as has been related, passed one term

of banishment, a kibika was in waiting,

butted and travel-stained as if from a long

journey. Kamoutine entered the restaur-

ant, doffed his uniform, donned a citizen's

garb, then entered the vehicle, his

faithful valet seized the reins of three horses

harnessed abreast, and with bells jingling

and whip cracking drove to the fortress and

halted just before the door of the Governor.

Our swarthy looker-on as if he were some

long-expected and distinguished guest.

"Announce His Excellency's nephew," said

the Prince as he leisurely ascended the stairs,

up which the officious servants had scurried,

contending for the honor of bearing his va-

lance and cloak.

"My dear nephew," cried the Governor,

embracing him tenderly, "welcome, brother!

welcome! We have been expecting you for

a whole week."

"You will forgive my delay, dear uncle,"

answered the young man, "when I ex-

plain to you."

"Yes—yes, of course. Bless my soul,

how you have changed! I'd never have

known you. You must be worn out."

"I have travelled seventy-two hours with-

out resting so as to reach you sooner!"

"Poor fellow—come and have a cup of

tea. I was just at breakfast. Your aunt

is in bed. You know we give a ball to-

night."

"A ball! I didn't know it; but in travelling

costume I can't."

"Didn

